

The Chantelloz turned TARPAULIN, Or Jefferies Case.

TO be a Pris'ner, hated, loath'd, and scorn'd,
With unlamented Plagues, thy Fall unmourn'd,
Under approaching Torments keenest Dread,
And 'midst a shouting Crowd unpitied led
To meet a shameful Death, would seem t' atone
All horrid Villanies except thy own :
But they so numerous, great and loud appear,
They dull Repentance, as they heighten Fear.
Curs't by your King, your Countrey ; and, it seems,
You're Curs't too by your own Prophetick Dreams :
Curs't in your Novice Years and Indigence,
When Railing was your Law and Eloquence.
And Curs't e're since for Fraud and Bribery,
Lying, Partiality, and Perjury:
Curs't by all People prosp'rous and forlorn;
And will be Curs't by Thousands yet unborn:
Curs't by the Just and Virtuous, and what's worse,
You have your Fathers and your Childrens Curse.
Legions of Ghosts you've murder'd will appear,
And whisper on the Gallows in your Ear,
Your byas't Judgments giv'n against the Good,
That you might reek in Money and in Blood.
The Tyrant when *Perillus* brought his Bull,
Made the Inventor prove the first sad Howl.
Your Whipping so (tho late) should well be try'd
(Which you found out) upon your bleeding Hide.
And thus Condemn'd you'll be rewarded well,
With Pill'ry, Carts Tail, Gibbets, Flames and Hell.
And with your Quarters hurl'd into your Grave,
Let this be wrote, *I was both Fool and Knave,*
To Live and Drink a Scandal and a Slave. }